

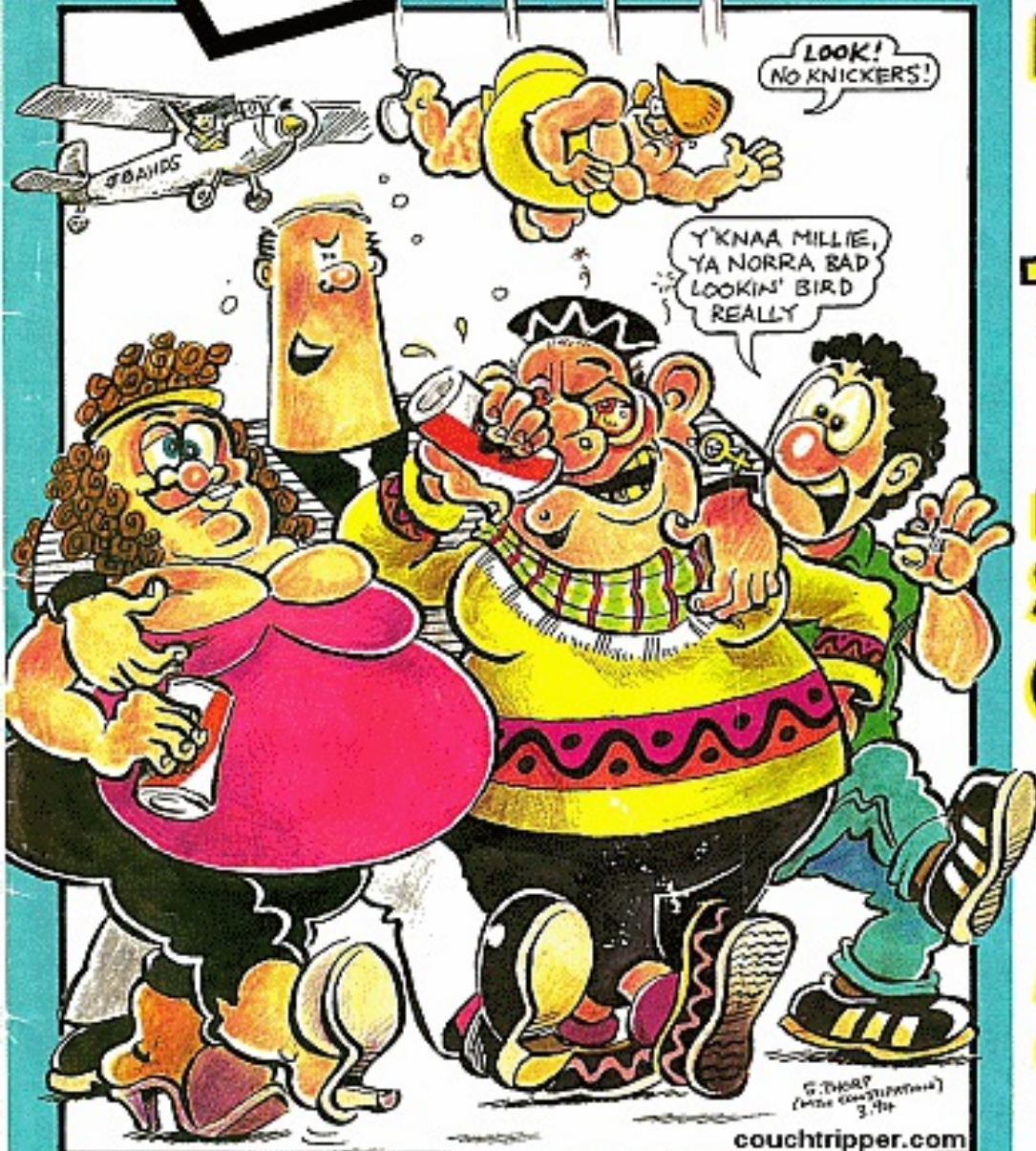
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## ISSUE 65 – SIX FIVE SPECIAL – VIZ ATTAINS PENSIONABLE AGE



# HAS TV LOST THE PLOT?



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4



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# BAXTER BASICS

THE MP WHO LOVES TO EMPTY HIS NUTS









# LetterBocks

LetterBocks  
Viz Commick  
P.O. Box 1 PT  
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NE39 2PT

## Fat Bastard

It's great to see Dawn French posing in glossy magazines and telling women that it's okay to be fat and that fat birds should be happy with their bodies. That's all well and good. But I for one wouldn't fancy sticking my nose up her bum crack on a hot day.

T. Cheviot  
Chester

I am a specky stamp collector, and I'm particularly interested in New Zealand stamps. I thought you might like to brighten up your Letterbooks page for the benefit of your sexist male readership with this stamp. It was issued in 1958, and shows a Maori bint who was a bit of a Daryl Hannah mermaid type, and as readers can no doubt see, she's got her tits out.

Bobby Brown  
Croydon



\*Do any other specky readers collect stamps? More important, have you got any dirty ones? Come on. We're having a dirty stamp competition, and the sender of the dirtiest one will win all the stamps we receive! Not very many, I'd imagine. But anyway, send the stamps to our Letterbooks address. Sorry, stamps cannot be returned except to the winner.

Solar powered calculators with no 'OFF' buttons are a waste of the sun's energy. If you own one, put it under a hat when not in use.

Don Croy  
Surrey



Have any other readers spotted the uncanny resemblance between the late Tory MP, sexual deviant and broadcaster Stephen Milligan and Mr Hugo Guthrie, the Tipton entrepreneur who occasionally appears in Viz. Surely this is worth a fiver? Rob Dixon & Ian Little  
Bath, Avon

## Clever Bastard

As an intelligent University Professor, I simply have to complain about the cartoon (issue 64) in which a magnet is used to hoist Jimmy Saville up by his gold jewellery. The intensity of the magnetization of a metal, 'J' (in this case gold), is determined by the magnetic field strength 'H' applied to it, multiplied by the magnetic susceptibility 'k' of the material itself, i.e.  $J=kH$ . As gold is a diamagnetic material which has a small negative 'k', it will weakly repel the magnetic field applied to it, whatever the strength of 'H'.

Professor Jason Collier  
University of Leigh

\*What the professor means is that magnets can't pick up gold jewellery.



It's interesting to hear all the feminists wailing and cheering Lorena Bobbit for cutting off her husband's penis. But I bet it would be a different story if some poor battered husband had filled up his wife's crack with Polyfilla.

Will Pearson  
Leicester

Do any of your readers know of an effective way of attaching cheese to soap? If anyone has any ideas please could they contact me at the following address.

Bob Watkins, Editor  
Cheese and Soap Modeller  
P.O. Box 2  
Peterborough

## Not so clever bastards

Despite being brainy students at Oxford University, we are at a loss to understand what the word 'pagga' means, as featured on your 'Have A Fight' T-shirt. It doesn't seem to appear in the dictionary, or any of the other big books that we have got.

Julek & Matt  
Dept. of Materials  
Oxford University

\*Imagine if you lost the boat race, and half a dozen of you went after the Cambridge crew to give them a good kicking. But when you got to their place there was half a dozen of them waiting for you. A pagga would ensue.

These new 'Ultra Pampers' nappies are shite. On the TV ad they can hold 4 pints of funny blue liquid. I tried them on my kids, unfortunately none of whom piss windscreen washer fluid, and at the slightest trace of urine there was piss puddles all over the floor. As for turds, you'd have more chance of catching them crawling round behind your baby with a tea strainer in your hand.

J. Bendix  
Leicester

If the people who make Fairy Liquid simply diluted the stuff they wouldn't have to spend all that money on TV adverts telling people how strong it is.

Y. Bell  
Norfolk

## Theiving bastards

If any of the bastards who keep trying to break into my garage are reading this, there's fuck all in there worth nicking.

S. A. Franks  
Banbury, Oxon

The other day I noticed I had a flat tyre on my car so I asked the man at the garage to blow it up for me. Imagine my surprise when the car exploded seconds later. Then I realised why. The mechanic was a member of an active IRA terrorist cell, and I am his commanding officer. Do I win £5?

P. McGinty  
Co. Armagh

Tourists hoping to buy an ice cream in Britain this summer are going to be confused by the bright yellow 'Cone Hotline' signs which are appearing at motorway roadworks up and down the country. Perhaps another sign with a picture of an ice cream and an arrow could be placed nearby, directing motorists to the nearest ice cream van.

D. Saville  
Wimbledon

'Money can't buy me love'. So sang Lennon and McCartney in the sixties. But I can't help thinking that perhaps they could have avoided ending up hitched to a couple of boilers like Yoko and Linda if they'd spent a bit of their cash on decent haircuts, instead of both using the same pudding bowl.

T. Robin Gristle  
Bristol

It's no wonder that so many people are catching AIDS nowadays. Houses are full of germs, due to double glazing and central heating. Very few people bother opening their windows to let fresh air in any more.

Mrs B. Nevis  
Aldrie

I couldn't disagree more with Mrs. Nevis (Letterbooks, this page) when she says that AIDS is due to double glazing. My husband and I spent £8,000 having our house double glazed in 1981, and I am pleased to report that neither us nor our children have got AIDS. Surely it is the case that sealed windows keep these germs out, rather than in.

Mrs M. Snowden  
Cardiff

Having just read your pathetically childish 'Kipper Quiz' (this issue, page 46), I thought you might be interested in this street name I spotted recently in the Gateshead area.

A. Hill  
Felling, Tyne & Wear



I thought this number plate which I spotted in Germany was pretty funny, but having just seen A. Hill's street name (above) my photo looks rather dull by comparison. Still, I don't suppose it's worth a fiver, is it?

Big Al Ross  
St. Albans



## Fuck off, bastard

Was issue 64 some sort of warped marketing experiment? I refer not to the pink and yellow 'Blobby' cover, but to the crud behind it. Whilst the decline of Viz has been well documented and is widely accepted, issue 64 set an unprecedented low point. Was the idea to measure the effects of a particularly poor issue on subsequent sales? I for one will not be reading Viz again.

Peter Phelan  
Monkstown, Co. Dublin

\*Hey. If we could think of a better way of making a living we would. Meanwhile, it's thanks to miserable cunts like you that we have to keep putting the price up.

Further to all the letters in previous issues, if you students are so good at getting 'proper jobs', why are you always working as waiters, door-to-door salesmen and strippers?

W. Neust  
Twining  
P.S. And prostitutes.



**VICARS.** Raise much needed restoration funds by inviting the owners of lost pets to climb to the top of your steeple in order to look for their missing animals, in return for a small donation.

B. O. Nails  
Nantwich

**DON'T** fork out for expensive smoke alarms. Simply fill balloons with water and hang them from the ceiling. Then cover the floor with air-filled balloons, each with a drawing pin stuck to the top. If a fire starts, the hot air will cause the balloons to rise up from the floor and burst the balloons with water in, thus extinguishing the fire. Probably.

D. P.  
Wiltshire

**TRANSFORM** your garden into a 'EuroDisney' style theme park by charging your neighbour £20 to get in, £5 for an ice cream, and then making him wait 4 hours for a ride on your lawn mower.

S. Tempest  
Plymouth

**TOP**

**SAVE** the cost of installing cable TV by taping current editions of Top Of The Pops and then watch them in fifteen years time.

Lex Mouzer  
Liverpool

**LIE** Jacobs cream crackers on a 'mattress' consisting of two slices of processed cheese wrapped in kitchen paper, before buttering. This will help distribute pressure evenly across the back of the biscuit, and prevent cracking.

H. Lloyd  
Runcorn

**CALCULATE** the exact time of a bus journey by strapping a watch to a rail or handle on the bus, and noting the time of departure. By meeting the bus on its return and checking the watch, you will have the precise journey time.

M. Greenwood  
Goole

**OBTAIN** the effect of New Year's Eve revelling without the expense this year by staying in and watching TV. Then wash your teeth in turpentine, drink a glass of washing-up liquid, and hit your head on the wall a few times before going to bed.

W. Fascia  
Kettering

**MARRIED COUPLES.** Find out where you live in relation to other buildings in your neighbourhood by driving to a nearby hill while your 'other half' lets off an emergency flare from the bedroom window.

R. Worsnop  
Chesterfield

**NON-SWIMMERS.** Fill a pair of goggles with water and put them on. You'll then experience all the pleasures of swimming without getting wet or having to travel to your nearest pool.

Andrew Powell  
Portsmouth

**FEEL** like a million dollars next time you arrive home by gluing Rice Krispies onto your car tyres. When you park it will sound just like an expensive gravel drive.

D. Treloar  
Wandsworth

**A BLACK** bin liner draped over an old TV aerial makes a cheap yet effective umbrella, particularly handy in these wet and blustery spring months.

D. Topper  
Woking

**TIPS**

**NEXT** time you fill your tyres with air at the garage charge the attendant 10p for each breath you take while you're talking to him.

D. Thompson  
Wivenhoe

**GIRLS.** Next time you feel like throwing a ball overarm, don't do it, because you can't and it looks very silly. Just throw it girly underarm style and no-one will laugh at you or get hurt.

D. Thresher  
Wapping

**APPLY** red varnish to your fingernails before clipping them. The red clippings will be much easier to spot on your carpet. (Unless you have a red carpet, in which case a contrasting nail varnish should be selected.)

K. Parks  
North Chittagong

**BETTER** still, why not paint them with gold nail varnish, and then pick them up easily and quickly using a magnet.

Professor Jason Collier  
Leigh University

## Hull gets red light for sex

By our Health Correspondent  
Phil Fearon & Galaxy

**Hull is set to become a 'sex free zone' in a special experiment being carried out by the Department of Health.**

During the experiment, the first of its kind in Britain, residents will be subjected to a total ban on sex. The 'no nookie' rule is due to come into effect on August 1st this year and will continue for an indefinite period. Leaflets are due to be distributed throughout the Hull area advising residents of the ban. Road signs will be erected on all approach roads warning motorists not to have sex in Hull, and posters will be displayed at railway and bus stations.

### ISOLATED

"Hull was chosen for purely geographical reasons", says Dr. Ian Morris, spokesman for the Department of Health and the man responsible for maintaining the bonking ban. "Its isolated position makes it ideal for carrying out a controlled experiment of this kind".

### TALKS

Department of Health officials have already been involved in talks with the Humberside Police Authority over possible methods of implementing the ban. Among ideas being considered are sophisticated electronic 'black boxes' which would be placed on bedside tables. Couples would be required to insert a 'smart card' before having sex. The cards would be available from Post Offices, and anyone trying to buy one would be told that they couldn't.

### SUCCESS

If the experiment proves to be a success Health officials hope to extend the ban to cover the whole of Britain. "It will be at least two years before we are in a position to make that decision, but hopefully a nationwide ban on sexual intercourse could be in place by as early as Spring 1997", said Dr. Morris.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

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## OR ORDER VIZ FROM YOUR NEWSAGENTS

Dear Newsagent

Please keep me a copy of Viz (every two months). If I want anything else, like sweets, cigarettes or greeting cards, I'll ask for them when I come in. Thanks.

Name .....

## PRIZES GALORE MUST BE WON! If we ever get any

In the last issue we announced that the Pop Page was to be replaced by a new competition page, with lots of exciting prizes to be won. And we asked people to get in touch if they had a product they wanted to promote and that we could offer as a prize.

The response has been disappointing to say the least. So far we have been offered 5 sticks of rock, 10 balloons, a revolutionary pocket door locking device, a set of rubber tap washers, 10 Radio One hats, 10 bottles of Toffee Syrup, 4 pairs of boots, a few computer games, a handful of records and a selection of bizarre wank mags and videos. To be quite honest we were hoping for some cars, or expensive holidays perhaps. Instead we've got a box full of crap that we'll probably have to pay the council to take away.

### POSTPONED

Under the circumstances we are postponing the competition page until our next issue. If you have anything half decent which you wish to promote then please get in touch. A host

of Viz characters are waiting to endorse your product! But for Christ's sake, if you're just another tat merchant peddling third rate novelty gifts or gimmicks, please stick to our classified ad pages, and don't bother us with any more of your junk. The address is: Viz Prizes Department, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

### WINNERS

The winner of our 'Sneak-a-Snap' competition (issue 63) was Gary Green of Ware, Hertfordshire, who wins £500 worth of hi-fi from Richer Sounds. The ten runners-up who each receive an Eclipse CD101 remote control CD player are Richard Brander of London SE9, Helen Oliver of Liversidge, West Yorks., Maxine Walker of Yarnworth, Paul Duesbury of Nottingham, Caroline McAlister of Kenley, Carla Abraham of Manchester, Patricia Plesman of Southampton, Rich Stuart of Nottingham, N. Hodges of Camden Town and Mr B. Thomason of Stockport. Everyone else who entered the competition will receive a £10 voucher valid against the purchase of the same CD player, available from Richer Sounds, normally priced only £79.95. D. Anderson of HG 1 (UK) Armoured Division, BPO 15 was the first person to correctly copy the answers to our MAP Lovechild competition from the opposite page where they were printed. Three new Viz T-shirts are winging their way to BPO 15, wherever that is.



# CHOP! THERE GO COCK AGA

John Thomas Choppit is a bonking miracle. For he has lost count of the number of times his penis has been severed. And while America makes a meal out of a man whose member has gone missing only once, here is the story of a brave Brit whose manhood has been cut off more times than a person who habitually fails to pay their telephone bill (and then subsequently pays the reconnection charge). Here, John tells his own amazing story

## The true story of John Thomas

### Choppit's chopped John Thomas

Everyone got pretty excited when they heard about the American guy whose wife chopped off his manhood. But I didn't. The truth is that I've had my cock chopped off more times than he's had hot dinners. Yet somehow or other I've always managed to get it back again.

#### PROBLEM

Finding it has never been a problem for me. Because in my case there's rather a lot to look for, if you know what I mean. You could say it sticks out a bit. So if my wife chucked it into a hedge - which she has done once or twice - it would be pretty easy to spot.

#### LETTERS

But my wife is by no means the only person who has cut my cock off. Funnily enough, it's usually a completely innocent accident. Like the time I was working in a butcher's shop when a good looking bird came in to buy a bit of pork. Little did she know she'd soon be walking out of the shop with my pork sausage in her shopping bag!

#### ELAINE

I was feeling pretty horny as I looked this bird up and down and my old man quickly sprang into action. Most people can manage to conceal it, but in my case it's like trying to hide a telegraph pole in a paper bag. The bird obviously liked what she saw, 'cos she started to lick her lips. That must have distracted me, 'cos at that moment instead of chopping her chop, I brought down my chopper and chopped straight through my pride and joy!

At first I didn't realise what I'd done. I just wrapped it in brown paper, weighed it and handed it to her. It was a bit more than she'd asked for, so I gave her a couple of bob off. She winked, and left the shop. It wasn't until she got home and started frying it that she realised there'd

been a cock up. Or cock off to be more precise.

#### JIMMY

Meanwhile, the coin dropped and I realised something was amiss. Little did I know my knob had become Britain's first frying pan handle as it simmered in an Uncle Ben barbecue sauce two miles away. I was just starting to panic when the bird came running back into the shop waving my old fella in her hand. It was quite a relief to see it again, I can tell you. Luckily, this bird was a nurse, so we went in the back of the shop and she stitched it back on for me straight away.

#### SPORTS

It felt a bit hot, but that was probably due to the spicy sauce she'd been frying it in. "I'll lick the sauce off for you if you like", she said. I didn't need asking twice!

#### FALL

If I'd had any doubts about my manhood working again (which I hadn't), I needn't have. 'Cos I'll tell you what. That bird might not have got the pork chop she was after, but she ended up with one hell of a mouthful of meat! In fact, she reckoned it was the best bit of sweet and sour pork she's ever had! And I reckoned it was a pretty good blow job and all.

#### WHEEL

Unfortunately, there isn't always a sexy nurse on hand to stick my cock back on. So usually it's a case of picking it up, chucking it in a bag, and heading off to the local hospital. Providing it's still in one piece!

#### WINGS

I'll never forget the time I had a mishap with my lawn mower. With an electric mower there's always a danger of cutting through the



All in a day's work. Staff at the local hospital stand by as surgeons begin the delicate task of sewing John Thomas Choppit's cock on. Again.

flex. But little did I know I was about to cut through my own flex - and there was nothing electric about the shock I got!

#### PRESSURE

It was a hot sunny day, so I'd decided to strip off, in the privacy of my own back garden. But unfortunately, being as well endowed as I am, my cock tends to trail along behind me, which makes mowing the lawn a bit awkward. As I cut the grass, moving backwards and forwards, I began to get it in a bit of a tangle. Next thing I knew I'd actually mowed through my manhood.

#### BOARD

There was cock all over the place. A top chef couldn't have sliced it finer. But I managed to get all the bits together and headed off down the street towards the hospital. I felt a proper idiot, walking along bollock naked carrying my cock in a carrier bag. But I was in luck, as round the corner I bumped into an ice cream van.

I knew that it would help the doctors if my cock was packed in ice, but the ice cream man said he didn't have any. So I bought about a dozen ice lollies instead, and chucked them into the bag. By the time I got to the hospital most of them had melted, but it had been cold enough to keep my willie in A1 condition, and the doctors managed to stick it back on while I waited.

#### CARD

For a few days after that my girlfriend kept giving me blow jobs every twenty minutes and telling me it was 'Fab'. I didn't know why until I looked down and noticed the tip of my knob was chocolate coated and covered in hundreds and thousands!

#### PARTY

To be quite honest I've lost count of the number of times I've had my willie chopped off. The police usually recognise my knob if they find it lying around and either bring it to my house or take it straight to the hospital. But finding it can

sometimes be a problem, like the time when I was working on a farm.

#### COMPUTER

It was summer, so I was cutting the grass with a combine harvester. After a while there was a bump and the machine stopped. I'd run over a cow, and it had got stuck in the threshers. I climbed in to try and rescue it, but I forgot to put the handbrake on, and next thing you know the cow jumped out and the machine started up, dragging me into the blades.

#### BALL

Next thing I knew I awoke inside a haystack. My arm was sore, and my cock felt numb. I later realised they had both been chopped off. Anyway, I climbed out and found my arm more or less straight away. But there was no sign of my willie. Looking for a cock in a haystack with only one hand is not the easiest of tasks, I can tell you. After a few hours it got dark, so I gave up and went home, stopping at the local hospital to have



# ES MY IN

**WORLD  
EXCLUSIVE**

my arm sewed back on. That night as I lay in bed without a cock I felt so depressed I just wanted to die. It was as if I was no longer a real man.

## STOP

The next morning I got up and decided to have Weetabix for breakfast. And I could hardly believe what happened next. For when I opened the packet there it was - staring out at me. My cock! Stuck in a Weetabix. The haystack must have been taken to the factory and made into Weetabix, with my cock still in it. Fortunately it hadn't been damaged and I had it sewn back on later that morning.

## BIG

Having your own penis fall out of a cereal packet in front of you is a lot more exciting than finding a plastic dinosaur. I can tell you. But the thought of it has put me off Weetabix for good. I think I'll try Crunchy Nut Corkflakes in future, and just hope that my bollocks never get chopped off (if you know what I mean!).

## SOFT

Funnily enough, losing my cock on numerous occasions has never affected my love life. Most girls find it quite exciting when it comes off, and they like to hold it on the way to the hospital. But my first visit to hospital was difficult. Lying there in the ward, without a cock, I felt like I was no longer a real man. I was sure the nurses would laugh at me. But when the doctor ordered a dozen rolls of thread just to sew it back on, they began to pay attention! In fact, it took him four hours to sew all the way around it, and that was using a sewing machine! By the time he'd finished there was a queue of nurses a mile long all waiting to give me a bed bath.

There have been other funny moments too. Like the time I had a mountaineering accident, and ended up trapped by my cock half way up Mount Everest. A huge boulder had landed on it, and I couldn't move. The only answer was to cut it off, otherwise I'd have been stuck there forever.

## HARD

Cutting your own cock off half way up Mount Everest is no fun, I can tell you. It hurt so much I let out a scream. That was a bad mistake, because next thing I knew there was an avalanche, and me and my cock were both buried under tons of snow. Little did I know that frozen in the ice right below me was the remains of a dinosaur, perfectly preserved for thousands of years.

## CHEESEY

When they rescued me, instead of finding my cock, they accidentally picked up the dinosaur's, because they were both about the same size. Anyway, they stitched it back on, and off I went home. It wasn't until a few days later that I realised something was wrong.

## DINOSAUR'S

I'd gone to see the film 'Jurassic Park' when I suddenly started to fancy lady dinosaurs. I mentioned it to my doctor and he decided to take a urine sample. The following week he rang me up to say that the results were positive - my sample had turned out to be *dinosaur piss*. At first he was baffled, but I soon explained the mix-up.

## JIG

Three weeks later a rescue helicopter spotted my real cock. They only just managed to winch it on board. Luckily the snow and ice had preserved it and the doctor was able to swap it for my dinosaur cock quite easily. My wife was sad to see the dinosaur cock go, as she'd enjoyed *Tyrannosaurus* sex sessions with me and my *prehistoric bone on*. But goodness only knows what might have happened if she'd become pregnant.

Trevor's book, *How My Cock Keeps Getting Chopped Off*, is published by Sea Lion Books, priced £18.99.

# McCLOUD CUCKOO LAND

**A bitter feud has divided the Norfolk town of Cromer over a planning application for a multi million dollar theme park.**

Opponents of the plan have raised strong objections to local planning chiefs after it was revealed that a 6,000 acre site in the middle of the town would be bulldozed, leaving hundreds of residents homeless, and affecting scores of local businesses.

## PARK

The ambitious planning application for a 'Disney' style theme park to replace the existing Cromer town centre has been filed by former American TV cop Dennis Weaver. Weaver, who played 'urban cowboy' Marshall Sam McCloud in the hit series has been finalising details of his 'McCloud' based theme park for several months, and if permission is granted he hopes to have it open by Spring 1995.

## GRID

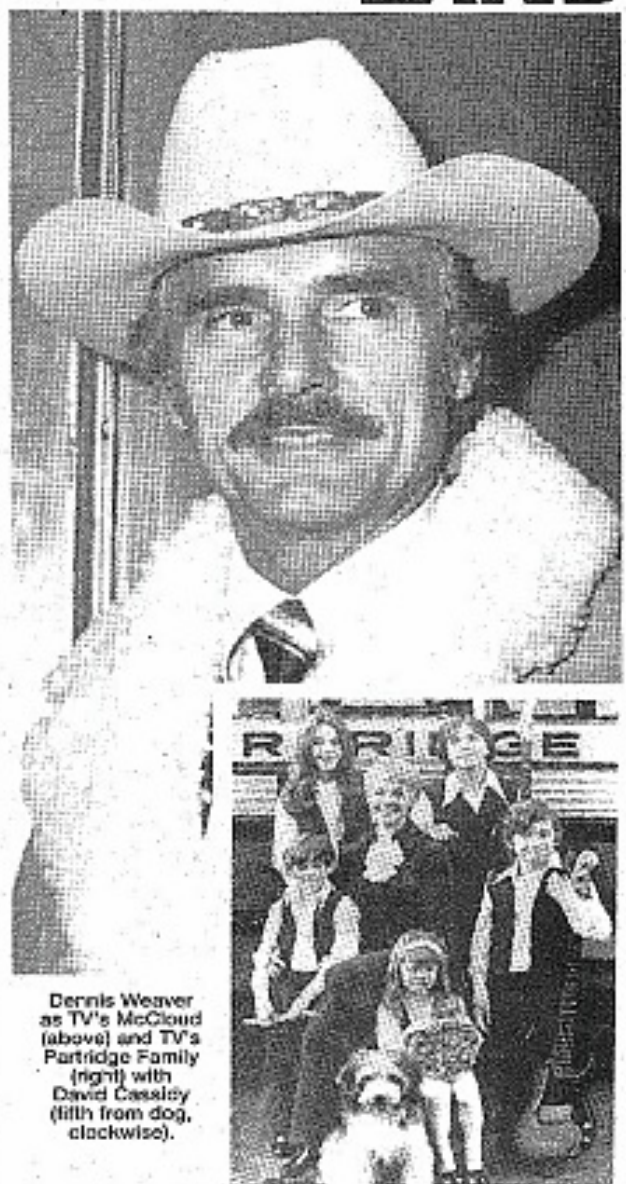
If the controversial scheme is given the green light 'McCloud Cuckoo Land' will become Britain's biggest theme park, incorporating roundabouts with horses on them, cowboy style target ranges, a roller coaster, a dolphinarium, coconut shies, crazy golf (with a windmill) and hot dog stands, all based on the eccentric cowboy cop whose catchphrase was "Now there you go", said slowly, in a cowboy voice.

## HUNT

But a campaign of opposition to the scheme is gathering momentum. And Cromer's most celebrated residents, The Partridge Family, have joined in with the swell of public opinion against the development. Partridge Family spokesman David Cassidy said that Weaver's scheme would spell disaster for Cromer.

## HILL

"We moved here in the late seventies, shortly after our hits, which included 'I think I love you', dried up", he told a local newspaper yesterday. "We were particularly attracted to the pretty town centre, with its flint buildings. To demolish those buildings would be madness, and would spell disaster for the community of Cromer. The Partridge Family are not prepared to stand by and watch the beautiful heart being ripped out of this pleasant Norfolk coastal town", he added.



Dennis Weaver as TV's McCloud (above) and TV's Partridge Family (right) with David Cassidy (fifth from dog, clockwise).

However Weaver, smelling slightly of piss and speaking from his home in the middle of a pile of car tyres in nearby Sheringham, was quick to counter Cassidy's claims. And he insisted that McCloud Cuckoo Land would be a boost for tourism in the area. "I am prepared to invest millions of dollars which I have earned playing TV cop McCloud in the seventies, and more recently endorsing revolutionary car care products on the shopping channel, in Cromer. And I hope the planning authority will have the vision to back this scheme".

## CAMPBELL

He also blasted The Partridge Family, accusing the former seventies singing TV family of sour grapes. "It is common knowledge in

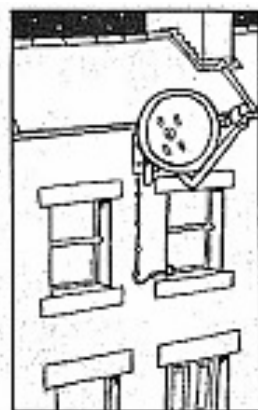
Norfolk that The Partridge Family recently had a similar application, for a theme park to be called 'Partridge Family In A Pear Tree Land', turned down by Lowestoft planning committee".

## DEAN

Weaver's application will be considered by the council's planning sub committee next Tuesday. Two years ago he failed to win approval for an ambitious development which he had planned to launch into space. 'McCloud Base Nine' was to have been the world's first orbiting space theme park, but came within the jurisdiction of Cromer's planning authority as it was to have been launched from a car park adjacent to the town's railway station.



# THE GOOD





# INSPECTOR SHARPE INVESTIGATES THE CASE OF THE MISSING TWAT



INSPECTOR JACK SHARPE OF SCOTLAND YARD HAS TWO ARMED ASSAULT ASSISTANTS: A PAIR OF GUNNY BAGOT CRABS - WHICH SING HYMNS!



YOU TRY THAT YOUR FANNY HAS BEEN STOLEN, LADY FORTSYTH. WHEN DID THIS OCCUR?

HALF AN HOUR AGO, INSPECTOR...



ONE DAY, I GOT A LETTER. DON'T WORRY, LADY FORTSYTH. ME AND MY SINGING CRABS SHALL GO THERE IN A JIFFY!

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING AS TO WAR...



MYSELF AND SOME FRIENDS WERE THINKING AFTERNOON TEA IN THE DINING ROOM.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS.



LET'S GO, LADS - THERE'S BEEN A ROBBERY AT LADY FORTSYTH'S STREET HOME.

ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME.

LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN TREE.



SHARPLY AT FORTSYTH MANNER. I'M SORRY, BUT FORTSYTH MANNER IS CLOSED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

OH, WHAT A SHAME.



THANKS (ADDRESS YOU AND YOUR SINGING CRABS ARE HERE, INSPECTOR, I AM LADY FORTSYTH).

I WISH TO REPORT A THEFT - THE THEFT OF MY TWAT!



I'VE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO DO AS THE NOTE SAYS, INSPECTOR.

CLOSE DOWN FORTSYTH MANOR TO THE PUBLIC IF YOU WANT YOUR SNATCH RETURNED.

IT'S MY ONLY HOPE OF REGAINING MY WOMAN'S AFFECTION.



I'D BETTER MEET THESE GUESTS OF YOURS WHO WERE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, LADY FORTSYTH.

CERTAINLY, INSPECTOR. THEY'RE IN THE DINING ROOM.



THIS IS BRIGADIER FARQUHAR, THE RETIRED SOLDIER...



REVEREND WALLIS, THE LOCAL VICAR...



SIR GILES, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER...



MAJOR TOM, THE ASTRONAUT...



AND PAUL MERTON.

LADY FORTSYTH'S MURDERED CLAIM HAS CLEARLY BEEN STOLEN BY SOMEONE IN THIS ROOM.

BUT INSPECTOR, THESE PEOPLE ARE MY FRIENDS...



JUST THEN...

HELLO - LOOKS LIKE MY CRABS HAVE FOUND SOMETHING BEHIND THAT CURTAIN.

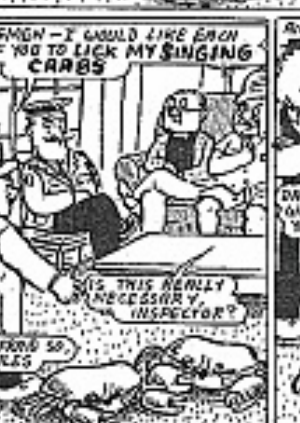
THERE IS A GREEN KILN FOR HIDE, WITHOUT A CITY WALL.

WHERE OUR DEAR LORD WAS ENJOYING HE DIED TO GIVE US ALL.



A HIDDEN FILE OF FRUIT... AND LOOKS LYING ON TOP IS A SHORT EARLY MADE FROM LADY FORTSYTH'S MIDGE!

THIS FRUIT MUST BELONG TO THE FANNY THIEF - AND I THINK I KNOW HOW TO UNCOVER HIS IDENTITY.



GENTLEMEN - I WOULD LIKE EACH ONE OF YOU TO LICK MY SINGING CRABS.

IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, INSPECTOR?

I'M HERE TO DO SIR GILES.



AND SO...

DANCE, THEN WHEREVER YOU MAY GO.

I AM THE LORD OF THE DANCE, SAID HE.



AWAY! REVEREND WALLIS - A RASH IS APPEARING ON YOUR FACE.

YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO SHELLFISH, AREN'T YOU, REVEREND WALLIS?



LADY FORTSYTH SINGS YOU TEA AND PRALIN SANDWICHES EVERY AFTERNOON - AND THE ONLY CURE FOR YOUR ALLERGIC REACTION TO THE PRALIN IS TO EAT PLENTY OF FRUIT.

THAT IS YOUR EMERGENCY SUPPLY OF FRUIT BEHIND THE CURTAIN - WHICH MEANS THAT YOU STOLE LADY FORTSYTH'S TWAT!



THEY HAD MADE A DASH FOR THE DOOR, BUT...

OH NO! THAT CRAB HAS CAUGHT ME BY THE TROUSER.



BUT WHY DID YOU DO IT, REVEREND WALLIS? WHY DID YOU WANT FORTSYTH MANOR CLOSED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC?

IT WAS DUE TO THE EARLY FALL IN NUMBERS OF PEOPLE GOING TO CHURCH, LADY FORTSYTH.



I THOUGHT THAT IF I PREVENTED THE PUBLIC FROM VISITING STAFFED HOMES SUCH AS YOURS THEN THEY'D HAVE NOWHERE INTERESTING TO GO TO AT WEEKENDS.

PEOPLE WOULD BECOME SO BORED SHITLESS BY SUNDAY THAT THEY'D GO TO CHURCH JUST FOR SOMETHING TO DO.



LATER... WELL LADY FORTSYTH - YOU'VE GOT YOUR TWAT BACK, SAFE AND SOUND.

ALL THANKS TO YOU, INSPECTOR: THE SINGING CRABS, OF COURSE!

ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL THE LORD GOD MADE THEM ALL.



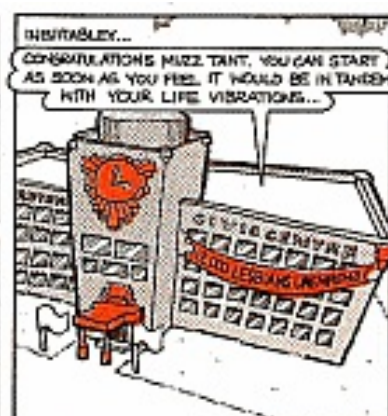
# HECTOR THE COLLECTOR and his METAL DETECTOR





# MILLIE TANT

AND HER RADICAL CONSCIENCE









# OH, LORDY! IT'S THE FAT SLAGS





# TOPLESS JAN FOX and her CORNFLAKES BOX



SIGH. I LOVE BEING A FAMOUS TOPLESS MODEL AND WORKING IN EXOTIC LOCATIONS AND HAVING PLENTY OF DASH, BUT WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO IS HAVE A SINGING AND ACTING CAREER AND DO WORK FOR CHARITY.



PERHAPS THAT CORNFLAKES PACKET COULD HERALD A TURNING POINT IN MY CAREER?



CRUIKEY! THE BOX PRODUCES CORNFLAKES FROM NOWHERE! PERHAPS IT'S MAGIC!



COR! I CAN USE THIS SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SUPPLY OF CORNFLAKES TO FEED POOR PEOPLE IN THE THIRD WORLD!



BUT...



SO MUCH FOR MY ENDING THE THIRD WORLD FOOD SHORTAGES OVERNIGHT. NEVER MIND, I BET THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER ADVENTURES TO BE HAD WITH AN EMPTY CORNFLAKES PACKET.



WHERE'S THAT TOPLESS DAUGHTER OF MINE OFF TO? THERE'S A PHOTOGRAPHER COMING HERE FOR A CLASSY PHOTO-SHOOT IN FIVE MINUTES!



SIGH. IT'S TOUGH BEING A TOPLESS MODEL'S FATHER AND MANAGER, CONSTANTLY HAVING TO WEIGH FINANCIAL CONSIDERATIONS AGAINST MORAL UPRISING.



AND PREVENT HER GETTING INVOLVED IN "HAMBURGER" SHOTS.

WAIL, SOB, BOO, MOO, ETC.



WHATEVER'S THE MATTER MRS. MANDY?

I'VE JUST SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE'S SAVINGS ON A DEAD EXPENSIVE COMPUTER CONSOLE FOR MY GRANDSON...



...AND NOW I'VE WENT AND DROPPED THE BASTARD, SMASHING IT INTO A MILLION USELESS BITS.

NOT TO WORRY, MRS. M! HELPING THOSE IN NEED IS ALL PART OF MY VARIOUS TOPLESS CAREER! PERHAPS MY CORNFLAKES BOX CAN SAVE THE DAY.



OO, I HOPE SO, DEAR.

TA-DAA! A PLASTIC TOY! A PERFECT REPLACEMENT FOR THE SHATTERED CONSOLE!



ARE YOU TAKING THE PISS?

FUCK OFF WITH YOUR BLOODY CORNFLAKES BOX.



—AND COVER YOURSELF UP YOU FILTHY HUSSY!

OH DEAR.

BACK HOME... BAH! I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOUR TOPLESS DAUGHTER ANY LONGER! CONSIDER THE LUCRATIVE TIT-PHOTO SHOOT TERMINATED!



B-B-BUT—!

GRR! WHERE IS THAT BRA-LESS MINK OF MINE?



OH NO! MY DOG IS PRODUCING FAECES IN THE PARK AND I DON'T HAVE A POOP SCOOP! I COULD FACE A \$100 FINE!



GRAT!

NO PROBLEM! MY CORNFLAKES BOX CAN BECOME A SERVICABLE POOP-SCOOP IN SECONDS.



HURRAH! YOU'RE NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE ANYMORE! A SMASHING PAIR OF TITS, TOPLESS JAN!

THERE YOU ARE, TOPLESS DAUGHTER! —AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY BREAKFAST CEREAL? I'M STARVING!



B-BUT TOPLESS DADDY! —

NEVER MIND YOUR "FEED THE NEEDY" NONSENSE! CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME AND I'M SO HUNGRY I'LL EAT MY CORNFLAKES MINUS MILK, THUSLY!



A WEEK LATER, IN THE BAHAMAS...

VIPPEE! I SUCCESSFULLY SUED THAT CORNFLAKES COMPANY FOR PUTTING DOG TURDS IN THE BOX AND WON FIVE MILLION POUNDS IN COMPENSATION! WE'RE RICH!



NOW I CAN BUY MY OWN RECORDING STUDIO AND SIGN TOPLESS RECORDS FOR CHARITY...

...ABOUT CORNFLAKES.



# JACK BLACK and his dog Silver in

## The Disappearing Daffodil Mystery

Summer was here again and young Jack Black and his dog Silver had gone to stay with Aunt Meg at her hillside cottage in Northumberland.

GOSH AUNT MEG! CAN WE GO AND PLAY GOLF ON THE HOTEL PUTTING GREEN AFTER BREAKFAST?

I'M AFRAID NOT JACK. SINCE YOU WERE LAST HERE OLD MR HEATH HAS PASSED AWAY. HIS WIFE NOW RUNS THE HOTEL AS AN OLD FOLK'S HOME

WHAT? THAT LOVELY HOTEL FULL OF PENSIONERS?

I'M AFRAID THE OLD OAK HAS BECOME A VICTIM OF THE BOOM IN FOREIGN PACKAGE HOLIDAYS. MRS HEATH HAD NO CHOICE.

IF YOU ASK ME ANYONE WHO GOES ABROAD ON HOLIDAY DESERVES TO COME BACK WITH DIARRHOEA!

Later Jack and Silver walked down to the village.

GOSH SILVER! IT'S SAD TO SEE THE HOTEL REDUCED TO THIS.

HEY! IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE OLD FOGIES HAS KICKED THE BUCKET, ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST, EH?

Jack decided to return home via an old short cut.

COME ON SILVER, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A SLAP UP TEA! WE'LL GET HOME QUICKER IF WE NIP THROUGH THE GRAVE YARD.

LOOK SILVER. THE GRAVE DIGGER'S BURYING THAT OLD WRINKLY WHO CROAKED THIS MORNING.

HELLO THERE YOUNG JACK.

THAT OLD FOLK'S HOME KEEPS ME BUSY. ALMOST EVERY DAY ANOTHER OLD CROCK PEGS IT, DROPPING LIKE FLIES THEY ARE.

THAT'S ODD. SOMETHING IS MISSING. IF THERE WAS A FUNERAL HERE TODAY...

WHY ARE THERE NO FLOWERS?

That evening after tea.

...AND THE FUNNY THING WAS THERE WERE NO FLOWERS IN THE GRAVE YARD!

GOSH. THAT IS INTERESTING

THAT REMINDS ME, I MUST POP INTO THE FLORISTS TOMORROW. THESE DAFFODILS I BOUGHT YESTERDAY HAVEN'T LASTED AT ALL WELL

ANYWAY, IT'S TIME YOU WERE IN BED YOUNG MAN

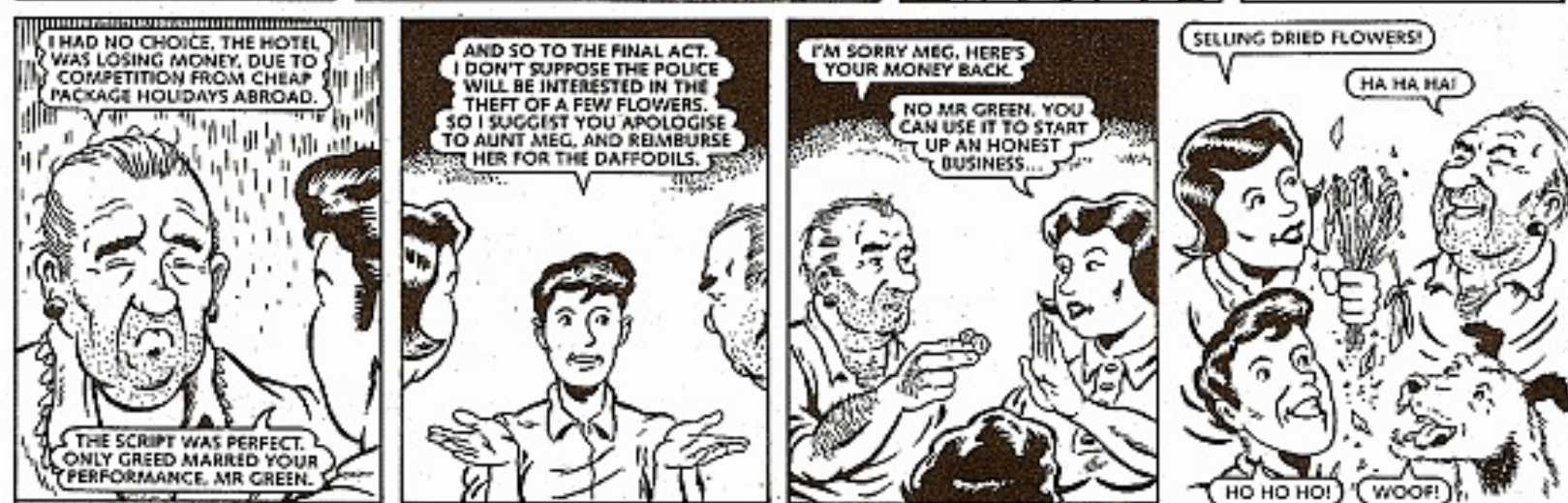
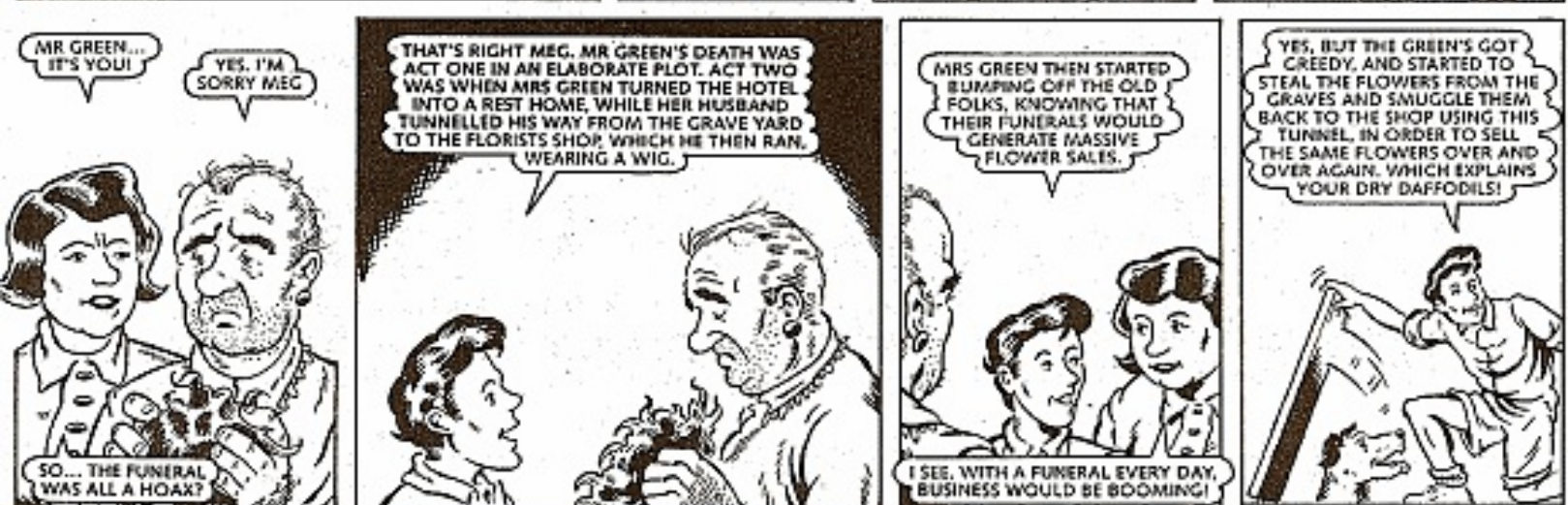
YES AUNT MEG. BUT TOMORROW I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY.

Early the next day Jack paid a secret visit to the Old Oak rest home.

CRUIKEY SILVER! WHAT USE WOULD MRS HEATH HAVE FOR POISON IN AN OLD FOLK'S HOME?

AHA! THERE'S OUR ANSWER. SHE'S PUTTING IT IN THE RESIDENTS' SOUP! BUT WHY?







# SEX IN THE BL

This week a team of our investigators go **undercovers**, and delve beneath the duvets to expose a bonking bonanza which is taking place in bedrooms all over Britain. For sex between married couples is the new craze that's sweeping the nation in the nineties, as more and more husbands and wives jump on the bedroom sex bangwagon.

In bedrooms up and down the country seedy scenes reminiscent of porn movies are being acted out between sick husbands and wives. And the British bedroom, once the hub of the family home, now echoes to the sound of sex between horny housewives and their husbands.

## IPSWICH

Mike, a former married man from Ipswich, told us that sex between husbands and their wives is on the increase. And where better for couples to do it than in the bedroom. Mike spoke openly to our investigators about having sex with his wife, in the bedroom.

## MANSFIELD

"I'm not proud of what we did. A few friends of ours had already tried sex, so not long after we got married we bought a house and decided to have sex in the bedroom. At first my wife was nervous, but after a while I think she began to enjoy it. We started doing it regularly, in the evenings, usually before we went to sleep. Mike then began to describe a sex act which took place between him and his wife which cannot be reported in a family newspaper.

## NORTHAMPTON

Mike separated from his wife three years ago. Now 32 and working as a motor mechanic, he doesn't blame bedroom sex for the breakdown in his marriage. "I don't think it does any harm. At the time we both seemed to enjoy it. I remember how we used to take our clothes off first. Sometimes my wife would lie on the bed sideways while we did it."

## LUTON

Although no longer involved with bedroom sex, Mike still knows of many couples who are. "If anything I'd say it's on the increase", he told us.



# Lessons in lust

Unbeknown to her employers a Northampton school mistress is offering special home tuition in one subject only - sex!

Married mother of two Tina Harrison's extra curricular activities take place in the bedroom of her modest semi detached home in Plumtree Avenue, where the busty beauty offers naughty nightclasses between the sheets.

## TRANSIT

Our reporter, who is married to Tina, went undercover - quite literally - to expose the saucy schoolmistress's sexy bedroom antics. After returning home from work he was greeted at the door

by his wife who was wearing a pinafore, revealing blouse and a sexy short skirt. After being shown into the small, dimly lit living room Tina suggested they have a meal.

## BEDFORD

"I've not cooked anything, but I could make some soup. Or get something out of the freezer", she told him. He declined the offer. Tina then sat alongside him, and put her hand on his knee. "I had a busy day at work?" she asked.

Later, when our man asked about the bedroom Tina seemed surprised. "It's a bit early for bed isn't it?" she asked. When he said he was tired and would like to go to bed, Tina lead him up the stairs to a small room with a bed in it, and a wardrobe. In one corner was a dressing table.

"I must remember to ring my sister in the morning", said Tina as she slipped out of her blouse and skirt to reveal a white bra and matching panties. "She left a message for me at work but I never got a chance to ring her today." At this point Tina seemed to

become suspicious, and began asking questions.

## JENKINS

"Do anything exciting at work today?" she asked. Our man told her he'd had a quiet day. "Me too. Nothing exciting to report", she said, referring to her job at a local primary school.

Tina continued to undress, revealing her breasts and throwing back her long, dark hair before lying on the bed. She leaned over to our man and attempted to perform a minor sex act with her mouth on his lips. At this point he made his excuses and left.

## Our 'Lone

A former shop assistant in Bradford uses the classified pages of her local paper to lure men into steamy bedroom sex romps.

Our investigator replied to a 'Lonely Hearts' ad placed in a local newspaper by a girl calling herself 'Dorothy'. They arranged to meet in a local pub. Dorothy turned up wearing a brown jacket, white blouse and sexy stockings. She immediately asked our man if he wanted a drink. "It's quite nice in here, isn't it?", she told him.

## PERIOD

Over a period of several months, and after several similar meetings at different locations around the area, our man discovered that Dorothy was aged 36,



# EDROOM

## seedy secrets

## married couples

## ly Heart' was a filthy tart

**Tom gets the most from his post**

Pensioners queuing at the quaint sub Post Office in the quiet Cotswold village of Chipping Bourton are unaware that their friendly post mistress leads a seedy double life. For at night time she becomes a leading light in the local bedroom sex circle.

Together with her husband Tom, Maureen Sanderson took over the post office when the couple moved into the village four years ago. And in their neat and tidy shop - which also doubles as the village florists - there are no signs of the seedy sexual activities in which the couple regularly engage.



### BLACKBIRD

For in a bedroom directly above the shop the couple perform lurid sex acts between each other, while in the room below young mothers collect their child benefit, and purchase flowers.

### SPARROW

Posing as a central heating service engineer, our investigator gained access to the Sanderson's one bedroom flat, and hid in the wardrobe. That evening the couple went to bed at about 11 o'clock. They seemed tired, and no sexual activity took place. The following day they went to bed half an hour earlier, but again they went more or less straight to sleep.

### STARLING

On the third night Mrs Sanderson entered the room, sat at her dressing table and

began to remove her clothes. She took off her dress to reveal a flimsy bra and panties, before bushing her hair. Mr Sanderson could be heard yards away in the toilet, carrying out a crude lavatorial act. The toilet flushed, and Mr Sanderson then entered the bedroom wearing blue and white pyjamas.

### BLUE TIT

Whilst removing her bra Mrs Sanderson briefly exposed her large breasts before slipping into a skimpy nightie. She then removed her panties, revealing a glimpse of part of her body that we cannot describe in a family newspaper. The moment she sat on the bed Mr Sanderson's arms wrapped around her, and the couple fell backwards, before moving beneath the quilt. Within seconds the couple were fondling each other's bodies.

### PINK FANNY

After a series of lurid sex acts lasting approximately ten minutes the couple began to rock back and forwards rhythmically. The bed began to squeak, and Mrs Sanderson began to emit a loud moaning noise. At this point our reporter went off in his pants, made his excuses and left.



and been a shopworker until she was recently made redundant. At one stage she revealed that she was a fan of Phil Collins. "I quite like Rod Stewart as well. Who do you like?" she asked. Our man said that he liked Tina Turner.

### HEADACHE

After a series of meetings our investigator suggested that they should get married. It was at this

point that Dorothy took our reporter to a semi detached house on the outskirts of Bradford where he was introduced to a man calling himself 'Dorothy's father', and a woman who claimed to be the girl's mother. Our reporter then arranged to meet Dorothy - who was wearing a sexy white dress with a bonnet and long train - at a local church where a man introducing himself as 'the vicar' pronounced them man and wife.

### TIRED

That night, after a party, our man was lead away to a hotel room by Dorothy, who had slipped out of her white satin dress and was wearing just a skimpy silk nightie and sexy stockings with suspenders. "I'm just going to use the lavatory",

she told him as she left the bedroom momentarily. Seconds later she returned, naked, and lay on the bed.

"This will be my first time", she told him. "Please be gentle with me". At this point our man made his excuses and left.

### THRUSH

Later we visited Dorothy and confronted her with photographs of the wedding. At first she seemed confused, then she began crying hysterically and collapsed. When we told her parents that Dorothy was a girl and that she had offered our man sex in the bedroom, her father went to the kitchen. Seconds later, he returned with a knife and lunged viciously at us. We made our excuses and left.

## ARE YOUR NEIGHBOURS BEDROOM BONKERS?

WITH BEDROOM sex life in Britain in the nineties, the chances are someone in your neighbourhood is at it. It could even be the couple next door. And while you and your children lie asleep, on the other side of the wall a crude sex act could be taking place. So here's a few hints to help you pinpoint the bedroom sex perverts in your street.

- How often do your neighbours wash their sheets? If they wash them frequently, they are probably trying to get rid of embarrassing stains caused by sex acts having taken

place on or near the bed.

- Go through you neighbours' bins. Look out for condom packets in particular.
- Ring their doorbell at night, and see how long it takes them to answer the door. Do it again at regular intervals. If they take longer than usual to get to the door, they may have been committing a sex act in the bedroom when you rang.
- Build a small dam under a manhole cover in the foul sewage drain leading away from their toilet. In the morning, sift through the debris which

has accumulated there, keeping an eye open for used condoms.

- Break in to their house, and build a sinister 'nest' beneath the floorboards or in the attic space, and stock it up with survival equipment and tinned food. Dressed in para-military clothes, and wearing a ski mask, you will then be able to watch them closely, and monitor their sexual activity in detail, making notes and keeping an obsessive diary of the occasions on which they have sex, recording times, dates and other apparently insignificant details.





BANK! IT TOOK HIS MONTHS TO GROW THAT FASHIONABLE Afro... NOW ALL-IVE GOT IS THIS COLGIFOP!

AT THIS POINT I WOULD BE SOBER, SPENDING THE MONEY ON LOTS OF SWEETS

BANK

...BUT INSTEAD I'M GOING TO PUT IT ALL IN THE BANK

HELLO! I'M THE NEW SHOP ASSISTANT. I STARTED WORKING HERE TODAY, BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE SHORT-TERM MEMORY.

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HERE FOR THREE YEARS.

AS PART OF A CONVENTIONAL REHABILITATION PROGRAMME, I'M SENDING YOU AND THIS MURDER PRINCE SOCIAL WORKERS FROM THE BETHUNDA CENTER ON AN EIGHT MONTH CHARACTER BUILDING WORLD CRUISE.

YOU SPUNKY BAST!

HA!

BETHUNDA - WHERE WE COME



START HERE



**20  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**



**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

There has been a mix-up in the record library. By mistake a DJ accidentally plays a funeral record from the seventies. He gains 1,500,000 listeners. Move back 3 squares.

Girls sweet Emma Freud talks to Emma Thompson or some similar high-brow bird about AIDS, drug abuse, feminism and 'Golf House' cinema foreign films with subtitles and shopping. 4,500,000 listeners think they've tuned in to Radio One but instead, turn off. Move forward 9 squares.



**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

Emma Freud talks about sexual harassment at work with some dumpy dyke in dungarees and Doc Martens. Meanwhile 5,000,000 rabby arsed workmen on building sites all over Britain turn off. Move forward 10 squares.

In an attempt to show that Christians aren't necessarily square, daddy oh, Simon Mayo punches his mid-morning show with satirical jokes, and talks in a condescending manner to phone callers. Even his friend God can't help him losing 2,000,000 listeners. Move forward 4 squares.

The needle sticks on the latest techno rave record. Nobody notices and the record continues to play non-stop for three and a half hours. 2,550,000 listeners commit suicide. Move forward 5 squares.

**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

Listeners suddenly realise that Steve Wright stopped being funny about 5 years ago, coincidentally at about the same time his loud-mouthed and loud-tongued 'posse' invaded the studio. You lose 3,000,000 listeners. Move forward 6 squares.



# Matthew Bannister's RADIO ONE GAME



**ZERO  
LISTENERS**

Nobody has heard of any of the bands or artists in this week's Top 40, for the sixth week running. In desperation people start wishing Cliff Richard would make a new record. Or even the Nolans. 1,500,000 people switch off. Move forward 3 squares.

A picture of Simon Mayo appears in 'Smash Hits' magazine. You lose 4,000,000 female teenage listeners the minute they realise what he looks like. Move forward 6 squares.

A transmitter breaks down during a Steve Wright 'Talkie Bit'. Instead of insane chat listeners hear an unpleasant crackling sound for half an hour, you gain 500,000 listeners. Move back 1 square.



**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

Simon Bates writes a scathing article in a national newspaper criticising your dictatorial management style, your choice of restaurants, your trousers, and the colour of your shirts. 500,000 people tune in the next day hoping to hear a fight on air. Move back 1 square.

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## FLOP OF THE POPS

Everyone thinks they could make a better job of running Radio One than the new controller Matthew Bannister. Well here's your chance to do just that! The object of the game is to lose all your listeners as quickly as possible. From '00', each player starts with an audience of 20 million. The winner is the first player to have ZERO listeners by reaching the other end of the board. Take turns at throwing a dice and then follow the instructions given on the square where you land. Any player who lands on a 'Sack the DJ' square must spin the P45 disc to select which jack gets the axe. You then move forwards or backwards accordingly.

**Steve Wright's  
'TALKIE BIT'**  
Subject: DECIMAL MONEY  
Duration: 1 hour 45 minutes  
Listeners lost: 4.5 million  
Move forward 9 squares

You boast that new Radio One DJs will no longer 'name drop' on air. Instead they invite their pals onto their shows for a chat. Emma Freud talks to the Thompsons, Bates to the Baines. 800,000 listeners during which time you lose 2 million listeners. Move forward 4 squares.

**15  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**

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Steve Wright reads out a list of the temperatures of various cities throughout the UK. Who gives a fuck how cold it is in Cardiff? Certainly not the 3,000,000 listeners who turn off at this point. Move forward 6 squares.

**5  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**

Danny Baker decides to 'check out' the price difference between doing commercials for soap powder and working on Radio One. He can't believe the difference, and takes a week off to do another advert. 1,500,000 relieved people who can't stand his 'Bermuda Bay' accent tune in again. Move back 3 squares.

**5  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**

Danny Baker decides to 'check out' the price difference between doing commercials for soap powder and working on Radio One. He can't believe the difference, and takes a week off to do another advert. 1,500,000 relieved people who can't stand his 'Bermuda Bay' accent tune in again. Move back 3 squares.

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The man who plays the drum machine on 'Newbeat' breaks his finger. He's off for a month, during which time people can actually hear the news. Real existence ends by 7,500,000. Move back 15 squares.

**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

Fresh from their success at the 1989 Brit Awards you give Mick Newbeat and Sam for their own show, certain that they will lose any remaining listeners. The plan backfires as 8,000,000 people decide to tune in for a laugh. Move back 16 squares.



In desperation you hand some hot with a pony tail and red rimmed glasses a large amount of money to come up with a crap advertising campaign for Radio One. 2,000,000 listeners payers think 'What a waste of my money' and turn off. Move forward 4 squares.

**5  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**

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Emma Freud goes into hospital to have her rather precious ears pinned back. Jerkin Long takes over her show for three days and plays nice music, picking up 3,000,000 listeners. Move back 6 squares.

**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

Steve Wright's 'TALKIE BIT' Subject: CHEESE ON TOAST Duration: 25 minutes Listeners lost: 1.5 million Move forward 3 squares

**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

A bus carrying disabled pensioners crashes on a motorway and several passengers are killed. News reports that Radio One's story by saying 'Coming up next - crippled pensioners crash in coach crash'. The bus crash gets the week and 5,500,000 disabled listeners return to the bus. Move back 11 squares.

**5  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**

Danny Baker decides to 'check out' the price difference between doing commercials for soap powder and working on Radio One. He can't believe the difference, and takes a week off to do another advert. 1,500,000 relieved people who can't stand his 'Bermuda Bay' accent tune in again. Move back 3 squares.

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**SACK THE  
D.J.**



**INSTRUCTIONS**  
It's Chip of the Jacks time on fabulous One P45! Cut around the P45 and insert wheel-like stick through the centre. Then spin the disk to find out which DJ gets the axe!



**SPIN THE  
P45**



**SPIN THE  
P45**

Self-styled 'Heavy Comedian' Dave Lee Travis resigns on air during his 'pogonimous' and goes back to his farm, leaving his two remaining listeners wondering what the solution to his latest Cryptic Quiz was. 2,500,000 listeners who couldn't give a fuck about his Cryptic Quiz turn on again. Move back 5 squares.

Steve Wright accidentally pushes the wrong button and plays an old tape of 'Mr Arrog' and 'Sed the manager'. Within minutes you have gained 5,000,000 listeners. Move back 10 squares.

**SACK  
THE DJ  
SPIN THE P45!**

A rumour is beginning to spread that Radio One is so bad it's actually going to bury 1,000,000 people live in its find out. But on hearing Simon Mayo's nauseating voice they immediately turn off again. Stay where you are.

A middle class media chum bumps into you at the Groucho club in London and congratulates you on the 'new look' Radio One. He's never listened to Radio One in his life, and he has no intention of starting now. Meanwhile, another 2,000,000 ordinary folk switch off. Move forward 4 squares.

**10  
MILLION  
LISTENERS**

In reply to your critics you write an article in a popular Sunday newspaper saying that there's no room on the new Radio One for old ladies. 10,000,000 hews of The World readers immediately tune in, only to hear Emma Freud using big words and playing Phil Collins records. They all turn off again. Stay where you are.

Lovely cockney Danny Baker accidentally goes Daz while he's potted with alcohol at a pub, during a lower up than the Old Kent Road. He spends two days in hospital and is unable to do his weekend show. Caddy David Hamilton agrees to deputise, in return for 6 Mins bars, and gains 1,500,000 listeners overnight. Move back 3 squares.



# COCKNEY WANKER





# Dreams can come true

Pencil thin Kate Ross had only one ambition in life...  
...to be a top model.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
a big welcome to the  
Paris fashion show  
for the latest  
dead skinny supermodel  
Miss Kate Ross!

Kate's hat is by Pierre Ponce  
of Paris, and is made of gold  
with a mink pube trim...

Her pants are  
by Christian Twat  
of New York,  
and the belt alone  
costs £100,000

Kate earns £2,000  
a minute, and just  
look at how  
skinny she is!

Kate! What on Earth  
are you doing?!  
Get down off that  
bed this minute!

Oh...erm.  
Hello mum

I just borrowed a few  
of your clothes.  
I was pretending to be  
a supermodel you see.

Supermodel  
indeed!

You keep out of my  
wardrobe, and keep off  
my bed. You hear me?

Yes  
mum.

I'll show her!  
One day I'll be  
a supermodel...

...and I'll be on the  
cover of all the  
magazines. I can see  
it now ... in the  
next frame...



# VOGUE

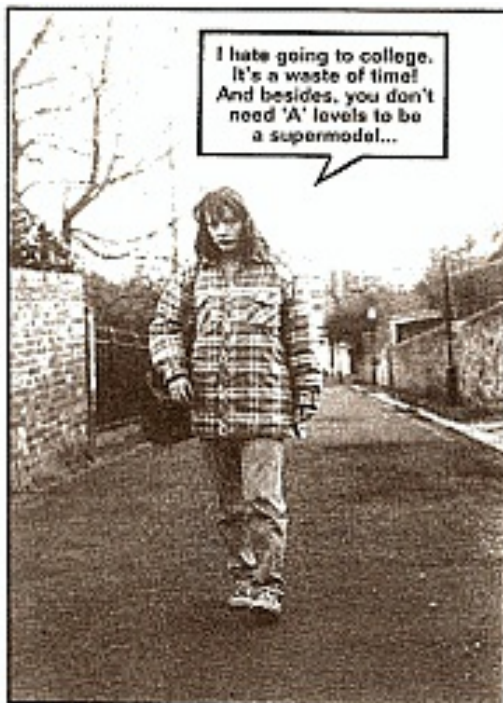


Hey! That's enough of that day dreaming. Get yourself to college or you'll be late again.



Okay mother. I was just about to leave.

I hate going to college. It's a waste of time! And besides, you don't need 'A' levels to be a supermodel...



You just have to be skinny. And I am!



I'll be whisked away to exotic locations...



I'll earn millions wearing fabulous clothes



And I'll get to meet all the stars!

Hi baby! I'm Red. Fancy coming back to my place for a quick shag?



OUCH!!

OOYAH!!



Hey! Why don't you watch where you're going?

Sorry, I was in a dream!





I hope you don't mind me asking, but have you ever done any modelling?

Gosh! Why do you ask?

It just so happens I own a small studio not far from here. I could use a pretty girl like you.

I'm sure I could find a bit of work for you, if you know what I mean. Get you started in the business.

Well, that's very kind of you but I don't...

Hey! Don't make a quick decision. Take your time. Have a think about it. If you're interested, here's my address.

Well, it might not be much, but at least it's an offer.

But he was a rather shady looking man.

Oh no! His address is in a seedy part of town.

I can just imagine what sort of studio that is...

Ah! Kate. I'm so glad you decided to come.

Come on in, make yourself at home.

Hey! Don't look so nervous. I'm not going to bite you. Just sit down. Relax.

There now. That's more like it.

The lights might get a little hot, so why don't you undo a few buttons, eh?

Come on love. How about a big smile, eh? And a bit of cleavage?



I know! Perhaps if we did a few topless shots, to warm you up a bit, eh?

Oh no! I can't do that. I really can't!

Hey! There's no need to be shy. A pretty girl like you...

Please... I'd much rather not!

Okay. No more messing around. Either you get them out, or I will!

Come on you little slut. Unwrap the meat!

That's more like it. Come on. And the bra.

Yeah! I like what I see!

Boo! Sob! Sniffle!

Right. Just smile and look at me.

And here - grab this cucumber...

I want you to lick it when I tell you.

Okay baby. Now! Lick it! Lick the cucumber!

Come on, you dirty bitch! Lick it!

On no ... what will my mother think!

Yeah! That's it! Lick it! Kiss it! Suck it baby! Suck!

Oh my God! What a horrible dream!

No matter how much I want to be a model, I could never stoop as low as that!



But then again, I have to start somewhere. And the money might be okay.

Shortly...

Oh well, here we are. It's even seedier than I'd imagined.

This place gives me the creeps. But if I'm serious about a career in modelling, I'll have to go through with it.

Mother would die if she could see me now.

Still, I'll draw the line at hamburger shots.

And definitely no 'girl on girl'.

Well, here I am at the door of the modelling studio. There's no turning back now.

PUNCHLINE

Hello? I've come about the modelling job...

Ah yes! I'm so glad you came. I'm just finishing a model now.

Crickey! He meant that sort of modelling!

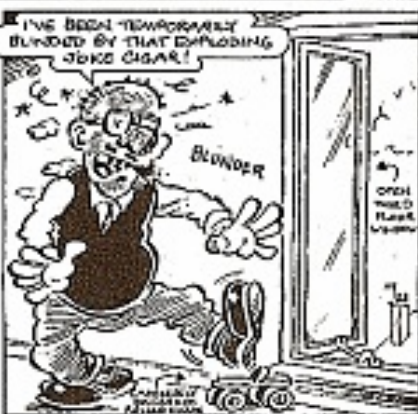
Perhaps you can help me paint it later. I'll be using the authentic Royal Canadian Airforce livery of 1942, not to be confused with the similar markings used by the Australian air force. The wing tips, for example...

The End



# BRAM STOKER

## PRACTICAL JOKER





**David Cassidy's  
TIME-TRAVEL  
BATHROOM**

TONIGHT IN CONCERT'S  
DAVID CASSIDY

IT WAS THE 1970S AND DIRTY POP HEART-BROOD  
DAVID CASSIDY HAD JUST FINISHED ANOTHER  
CONCERT IN HIS HOME TOWN OF HOLLYWOOD

BACKSTAGE, IN THE CONCERT HALL  
KNEW: PERFORMING ALL THAT  
POP MUSIC IS  
TIRING WORK

SAY! I'VE NEVER  
IMAGINED THIS  
BATHROOM BEFORE. I'LL  
JUST NIP INSIDE AND LASH MY HANDS

LITTLE DID DAVID REALISE THAT THE  
BATHROOM HAD BEEN INSTALLED BY  
AN OLD WIFTY WOMAN - AND IT  
POSSESSED INCREDIBLE MAGIC POWERS

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? I'M  
BEING WHISKED BACK IN TIME!

JEOPERS! THAT BATHROOM HAD  
TRANSPORTED ME BACK THROUGH  
TIME AND SPACE, TO SHERWOOD  
FOREST...

...IN THE DAYS OF  
ROBIN HOOD!

WOW! THAT GUY MUST BE THE  
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED,  
ROBIN HOOD! AND NOW I'M GOING  
TO STAG YOU TO DEATH - WITH MY SWORD

HERE! WHERE DID THIS  
BATHROOM COME FROM?  
WAIT THERE A MOMENT,  
NEED...

I'LL JUST BRUSH  
MY TEETH BEFORE I  
KILL YOU

WHEN HE A FLAME, THE POP STAR  
SPERNAED SORRY WATER AT THE  
EVIL SHERIFF

OH THE  
SHIRTS HAVE  
GOT IN MY  
EYE!

OH DEAR,  
IT STINGS

OH DEAR,  
I'VE SAID  
MUM OFF

YOU AND YOUR BATHROOM HAVE  
SAVED MY LIFE, MY FRIEND

I'D STOLEN THIS FIFTY  
KITCHEN FROM THE SHERIFF'S  
CREED...

BUT THE SHERIFF WAS HIDING  
IN THE FRIDGE, AND HE POUNCED  
OUT AND CAUGHT ME

THE OUTLAW PRESENTED THE KITCHEN  
TO THE POOR PEASANT NOTTINGHAM

MERRY FOR  
ROBIN HOOD!

BUT MEANWHILE  
I'LL GET THAT  
DRAFTED ROBIN HOOD  
YET!

I'LL SET A TRAP FOR  
HIM AND HIS MERRY  
MEN - WITH A BAIT  
HE'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO RESIST!

SHERIFF  
THANKS FOR LETTING ME AND  
MY MERRY MEN USE YOUR  
BATHROOM, DAVID

ROBIN - COME  
AND LOOK AT THIS

SOMEBODY HAS ACCIDENTLY LEFT  
THEIR BOTTING ROOM ON THE  
FOREST PATH

HEY, GREAT! LET'S TAKE  
IT - AND GIVE IT TO THE  
POOR

BUT  
OH NO! IT'S  
A TRAP

WHA! ALL THE  
BATHROOMS IN THE  
WORLD CAN'T SAVE  
YOU THIS TIME

GUARDS! TAKE  
THEM TO THE  
CASTLE DUNGEON

LOOKS LIKE ROBIN  
NEEDS MY HELP AGAIN

LATER, AT THE CASTLE DUNGEON  
I'VE GOT A PLAN FOR FREEDOM  
ROBIN AND HIS MEN FROM  
THE DUNGEON

BUT TO GET PAST THOSE TWO  
GUARDS I'LL NEED A DISGUISE  
THIS BORN MIGHTY TALENT  
BROSH SHOULD DO THE TRICK

PRISON ME, SIRS, I AM MERELY A  
POOR OLD WOMAN WHO HAS BROUGHT  
THIS ABSOLUTELY GIGANTIC CAKE  
FOR THE PRISONERS

VERY TALL, OLD  
WOMAN. YOU MAY ENTER

IT'S DAVID! BUT - WHAT'S  
THIS YOU'VE BROUGHT US?

TAKE A LOOK INSIDE,  
ROBIN

WOW! YOU'VE BAKED A CAKE -  
WITH YOUR BATHROOM HIDDEN  
INSIDE IT

ALL RIGHT, LITTLE JOHN -  
DO YOUR STUFF!

THE DRAUGHT OUTLAW KNOWN AS  
LITTLE JOHN PICKED UP THE BATHROOM  
AND HURLED IT THROUGH THE  
DUNGEON DOOR

THANK YOU GUYS AGAIN,  
DAVID

DON'T MENTION IT, AND NOW  
IT'S BETTER BE GETTING BACK  
HOME, TO THE FUTURE

ONCE AGAIN THE MAGIC BATHROOM  
WHISKED DAVID CASSIDY THROUGH  
THE CENTURIES

WOW! I'M BACK IN  
THE POP CONCERT HALL  
AGAIN

AND IT SURE FEELS  
GOOD TO BE HOME

IN THE CORRIDOR DAVID SPOTTED HIS  
POP-STAR FRIEND ELVIS PRESLEY

HI ELVIS

HI DAVID, WE'RE ALL GOING BACK  
TO MY PLACE. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE  
TO COME ALONG

ELVIS IS GOING TO ENTERTAIN  
US WITH A SPECIAL PRIVATE  
PERFORMANCE - IN HIS  
BATHROOM

WE'RE ALL GOING TO STAND  
THERE AND LAUGH WHILE HE  
GROWS ENORMOUSLY FAT AND  
THEN DIES ON THE TOILET

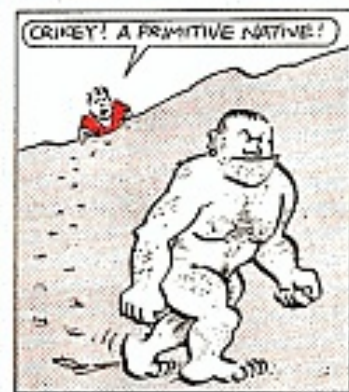
ARE YOU GOING TO JOIN  
US, DAVID?

NO THANKS I THINK I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT  
IN BATHROOMS FOR ONE DAY!

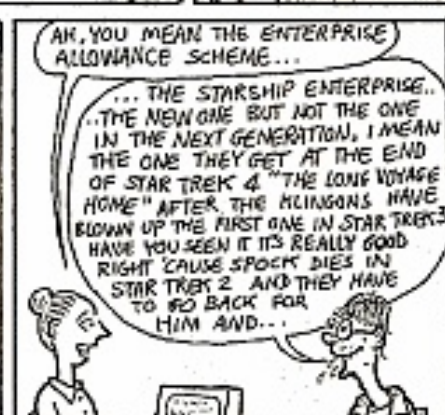


# THE ADVENTURES OF **JOE** **ROBERTSON-CRUSOE**

THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK, YOUNG JOE ROBERTSON-CRUSOE WAS WASHED ASHORE ON A LONELY DESERT ISLAND...











ADVERTISEMENT

THEIR OWN ALL-NEW BOOK





# GARDEN OF DEATH!

A man arrested for digging up a vegetable patch at the BBC Television Centre in West London yesterday claimed that he was searching for the bodies of several former Blue Peter presenters who he fears may have become the victims of Britain's worst ever serial killer.

Veteran Blue Peter fan Frank Gubbins, 55, had been a regular viewer of the popular children's show since it was first broadcast in 1958. And for the last twenty years he has led a one man campaign to solve the mystery of the programmes vanishing presenters.

## SCREENS

He claims that over a period of more than 25 years up to 16 different presenters have vanished from TV screens, never to be seen again. And Frank fears that they could have become the victims of a serial killer.

## MILLS

Ever since 1962 when Leila Williams was replaced by Valerie Singleton the show's presenters have been disappearing. Perhaps the best known example is John Noakes who vanished from the screen in 1979 and has never been seen since. The BBC's official line is that he is living on a boat somewhere off the coast of Spain, but Frank finds that hard to believe.

"No-one had ever seen him or his boat. I heard rumours that he did a programme called 'Go With Noakes', but I certainly never saw it, and I don't know anyone who did".

## SOCKS

Valerie Singleton, a pretty, dark haired young woman joined the show in 1962. She was last seen in 1971, in the company of Noakes and co-presenter Peter Purves. "I made enquiries about Valerie Singleton's whereabouts with the BBC, but it was like hanging my head against a brick wall. They said she was working on Radio Four, which sounded like a rather convenient excuse to me".

## SURFERS

Another missing presenter, a young woman called Janet Ellis, was believed to be pregnant when she was last seen on Blue Peter in 1987. Attempts to trace her have proved fruitless, and Frank now fears the worst. Her co-presenter Simon Groom also disappeared at around the same time.

Frank believes that the sinister disappearances are linked to the show's Editor Biddy Baxter. "She is the one person who has been there throughout the show's entire history. And I have heard stories that she is obsessive about the programme, and constantly at odds with the presenters."

## CHEATERS

Frank fears that Baxter may have killed some or all of the missing presenters, and disposed of their bodies in the Blue Peter garden. The garden, a small plot of land within the grounds of the BBC Television Centre in Wood Lane, West London, was first used by the programme in Spring 1974 as a vegetable plot, and was supervised by gardening expert Percy Thrower. However, in 1978, the garden was expanded to include a sunken goldfish pond, paved patio area and numerous flowerbeds. During this and subsequent alterations at the site there would have been numerous opportunities for Baxter to dispose of human remains beneath areas of concrete, paving stone or even below the pond itself.

## ASSISTED

"The base of the pond was excavated and filled with concrete in April 1978, only 7 years after Valerie Singleton went missing. At around the same time 3 tons of crazy paving were laid. Blue Peter editor Biddy Baxter would have had keys to the Television Centre, and she would therefore have had access to the site at all times, day and night."

## FALL

Mr Gubbins believes that the remains of up to 16 bodies could be buried beneath the garden. But so far police have failed to respond to his tip-offs. In desperation Gubbins took the law into his own hands, and began digging in the garden after scaling a nearby wall. But almost immediately he was arrested and taken to a nearby police station where he was held for 72 hours under the Mental Health Act before

## "Up to 16 bodies may be buried at Television Centre" claims Blue Peter fan



being released without charge.

## TUNNEL

He is now more determined than ever to find out the truth about the missing presenters. "The sooner the authorities start digging the better. I am particularly interested in the pond, the patio area and the vegetable patch, although there are other places such as flower beds and even plant pots which will all have to be thoroughly examined."

## ERMERE

"This could prove to be one of the most extensive and exhausting murder enquiries in British history", Frank told us late last night. "It may take many days or even weeks of careful digging and forensic examination before the Blue Peter garden finally gives up the last of its dreadful secrets".



This computer simulated image released yesterday by Mr Gubbins shows how John Noakes would probably have aged in the years since his disappearance. This is how he may look today.

A crowd of ghoulish onlookers begins to gather at the BBC Television Centre, scene of Mr Gubbins' grim search.



Garden expert Percy Thrower, together with Blue Peter presenters John Noakes and Leslie Judd, seen in the garden during 1978. All three are now feared dead, although Noakes' and Judd's bodies have never been found.



Work being carried out excavating the sunken pond area in April 1978. The walls of the pool were later lined with concrete.



A few weeks later and the first fish arrive. Thirteen Goldfish, six Golden rudd and one Golden tench.



# Commons split over Glenda's love kipper

A leading Labour MP's quim was at the centre of a political storm last night.

Conservative back bencher Sir Anthony Regent-Park yesterday launched an unprecedented attack on opposition member Glenda Jackson's hush. The outspoken member for Fulchester Sunnyoak rounded on Miss Jackson's pukes during Prime Minister's question time, describing them as a "threadbare snatch" and claiming that their appearance was a disgrace to British parliamentary tradition.



Sir Anthony yesterday

## OSCAR

"Flaunting a tatty twat to all and sundry does not uphold the best traditions of this House", he said, referring to a film in which the Oscar winning former actress had appeared nude. "What will the Right Honourable Member sink to next? Hamburger shots?" he asked. There was uproar in the House, and after several moments the Speaker ruled that questions relating to a specific member's fadge were not within the scope of Parliamentary debate.

However, Mr Regent-Park continued his criticism afterwards. Referring to a film called 'The Music Lovers' he described a scene in which Jackson's public hair was clearly visible. "You saw it on a train I seem to recall. I have only seen the film once, and once was quite enough. It was quite the scraggiest stomp I have ever seen. It looked like Bob Geldof's moustache, stuck on vertically. Not that the appearance of Miss Jackson's kipper is at question here. Miss Jackson is entitled to have any array of

public hair she likes. Indeed, she could have none at all if it suits her. That is not the issue. I am merely expressing the widely held view that an MP's muff should remain in her Parliamentary briefs, and not be paraded on cinema screens for the benefit of the dirty mae brigade".

## KIM

"Look at Mrs Thatcher. In the eleven years that she was Prime Minister not once did she reveal her beef curtains. And rightly so. When she left office Britain's standing in the world had never been higher. Put simply, hairy pies and politics do not mix".

## MARTY

This morning a storm was brewing over Mr Regent-Park's remarks. However, the 55 year old MP was unavailable for further comment, having been admitted to a private clinic after breaking an ankle falling from a step ladder whilst reaching for oranges on a top shelf in the kitchen of his West London bachelor home late last night.

# 'Clean up your act' says Mrs Ekland

Britt Ekland's mam yesterday issued the following heartfelt public plea to her wayward blond bombshell daughter. "Change your ways, Britt. Your mother knows best".

Mrs Ekland, 45, had become concerned after her sex kitten daughter Britt Ekland, 38, started coming home late at night. Britt's wild child antics have included:

- Going out without telling Mrs Ekland where she was going to, or what time she'd be back.
- Throwing a wild party at the Ekland's house while Mr and Mrs Ekland were staying with relatives.
- Drinking, and coming home with her clothes smelling of cigarettes and pubs.

## JACK

Things came to a head recently when Britt Ekland, 38, missed the last bus after attending a party at a friend's house. Mrs Ekland, 45, became concerned when Britt Ekland hadn't rang for a lift by 11.30.

## JOKERS

Britt's uncle, actor Joss Ackland, 94, went out searching the streets for wayward Britt Ekland till night on midnight. "I was at my wits end", said Mrs Ekland yesterday. "I didn't know where she was or who she was with. I don't want to stop Britt Ekland enjoying herself, but all she had to do was have rung me and let me know where she was".

## WEST

Joss Ackland, Britt's uncle, eventually found Britt Ekland outside a fish and chip shop talking to boys, including Rod Stewart. When Joss Ackland dropped Britt Ekland off at Mrs Ekland's house a furious row ensued between Britt Ekland and Mrs Ekland about where Britt Ekland had been. As a result Britt Ekland stormed out of the kitchen and went to her room, and Mrs Ekland threw her tea in the bin.

## CARD

The following day Mrs Ekland went round to speak to Rod Stewart's parents, Mr and Mrs Stewart, 72. It was after eleven in the morning and Rod Stewart was still in bed. Mrs Ekland told Mrs Stewart that she didn't want her Britt seeing Rod Stewart anymore.



"And just where do you think you're going dressed like that?" - Britt Ekland yesterday.

"What about that daughter of yours, Britt Ekland? She's no better than she ought to be. I've heard that she went with that fella out of the Stray Cats, and him only half her age", said Mrs Stewart. "So don't come round hear calling our Rod", she said.

## CHILD

Mrs Ekland, who was just going home when Mrs Stewart said that turned round and came back and said: "You can talk, can't you. That son of yours Rod Stewart doesn't exactly look much like your husband Mr Stewart, does he now?". At this point Mr Stewart got up from his chair and asked just what exactly Mrs Ekland meant by that. "You know what I mean. And so does she", said Mrs Ekland pointing at Mrs Stewart.

## ANIMALS

Mr Stewart then told Mrs Ekland to leave and he shut the door in her face. Mrs Ekland then went home and had very strong words indeed with Britt Ekland about her not seeing Rod Stewart anymore.

## ROVER

Unknown to her mam, Britt Ekland was last night believed to be going out with Wimbledon footballer and former page 7 fella Vinty Jones.

Glenda Jackson's Kipper Kwizz  
Win your weight in kippers!

E	L	C	B	H	A	M	B	U	R	G	E	R	F	L
P	G	N	R	T	O	M	A	L	C	Y	R	I	A	H
R	V	D	O	A	U	N	S	T	A	W	T	S	L	H
I	S	S	A	F	C	E	E	T	P	B	C	P	S	L
D	N	M	F	F	B	K	S	Y	I	R	N	A	M	E
H	I	O	I	U	C	E	V	N	P	L	G	L	O	N
S	A	B	P	U	N				J	O	S	F	N	N
A	T	N	B	O	Q				R	E	T	S	L	U
W	R	M	O	T	O				I	B	O	S	L	T
K	U	E	D	E	E	H	B	P	H	F	A	I	G	E
C	C	B	P	Y	G	H	Y	E	H	C	T	P	Y	V
O	F	L	B	P	N	R	O	R	A	I	T	S	J	O
C	E	A	U	K	I	N	L	R	V	S	A	M	L	
N	E	R	S	A	M	K	A	O	E	U	E	P	N	O
R	B	T	H	T	N	U	C	F	P	S	F	R	T	S



You may have noticed that the sole purpose of the above item was to include as many childish euphemisms for the word vagina as possible. For the benefit of anyone who is still reading we have cleverly concealed every single euphemism for the word vagina that we could think of in the grid below. See how many you can find. They read in all directions and diagonally, backwards and forwards, but always in a straight line. If you find two dozen or more, you could be in with a chance of winning our fabulous prize - your weight in

kippers! Write all the words you can find on a postcard, then put it in an envelope (to avoid offending postal workers) and send it to: Viz Kipper Kwiz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. The winner will be weighed, and will win a cash prize equivalent to the value of their weight in kippers, using the prevailing wholesale market price of kippers to calculate the prize money. Entries must be received by 13th May 1994. The winner will be announced in the next issue.







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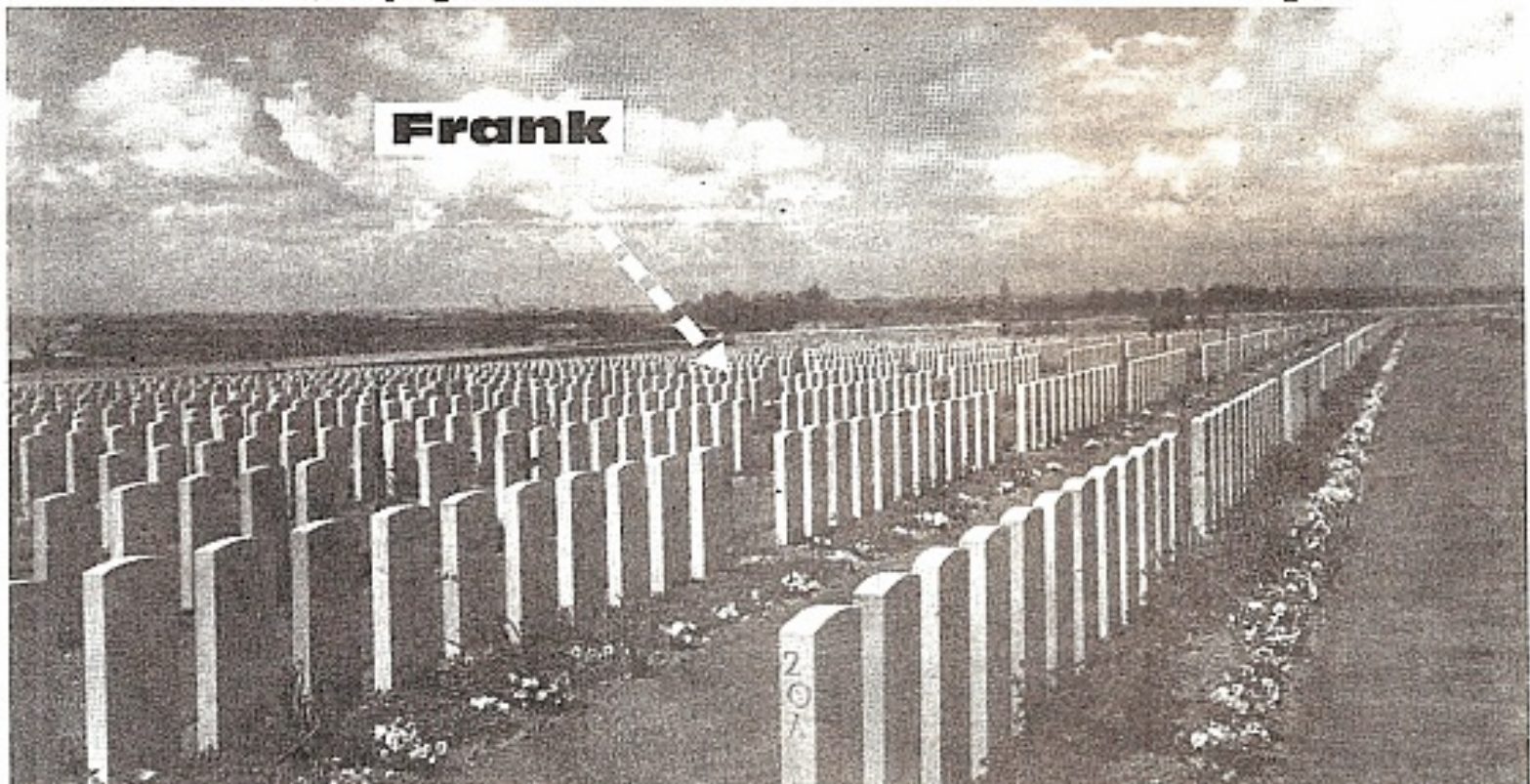


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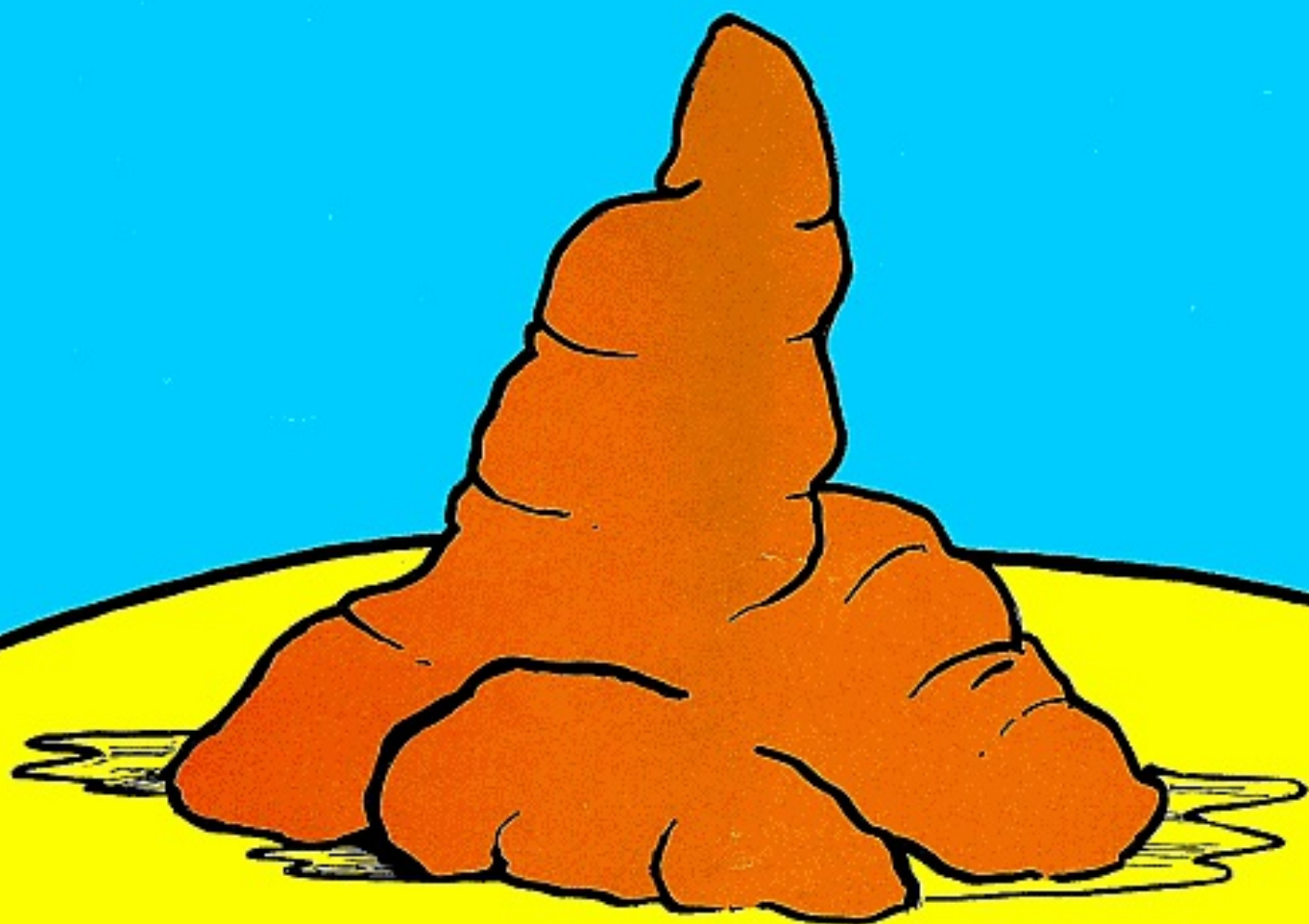
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